FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Volume XXII, Number 1, February 1971

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

Volume XXII, Number 1, February 1971

Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

1 Editorial
4 Fulfillment *by Helen Gee Woods*
Inner Life *by Mildred Long*
5 Be Worthy *by Lea Palmer*
Passive Prayer *by Aarno Davidson*
6 For Today Is The Tomorrow
We Were Wondering About Yesterday *by Carla Patsuris*
7 What Is Poetry? *by Minnie M. Bauer*
8 The Bible *by Samuel M. Silver*
16 While I Despair Alone *by Catherine Cabeen Houck*
17 Happiness Is. . . *by Grace S. Sturdivant*
18 Star-Loud And Still *by Howard G. Hanson*
Haiku *by Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.*
Even A Benevolent Person Needs Something
by Thomas O. Perkins
19 Heart Beat Again *by Emily Sargent Councilman*
27 Poems *by Emma S. McLaughlin*
28 *From* Leaning On A Star *by Francis Merchant*
30 Nature's Theme Polyphony *by Helen Pisarelli Lombardi*
Little Stories From A Child's World *by Eleanor Ebersole*
32 The Falcon *by Elizabeth Twyeffort*
33 Woman In White *by Marion J. Richardson*
Thy Will Be Done *by Merle Maidens*
34 Notices and Comments

© 1971 by Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.

EDITORIAL

LETTING GO AND LETTING GOD

Our way of life sets a gold-embossed premium on people of twenty-four-karat individuality. A person today is esteemed in proportion to his or her development of all that is unique—that is, peculiarly his own—in his nature. The result is a national pantheon of current gods and goddesses, athletes and movie stars, politicians and generals, philosophers and criminals, artists and people of mere money or kinks of character or dress, who grow more and more prominent to the degree that they supply good copy for the news media. Under the lenses of cameras, in front of microphones, the criterion for prominence is a human being's colorfulness. Looks acquire the same value as character, the sensational the same importance as the solid and enduring. Men and women become great according to their ability to do vaudeville turns for the press. Thus Robert Frost seems to have been the only great poet in a period when half a dozen men lived who were his equal or superior; and for the same reasons Frank Lloyd Wright the only architect; and Hemingway the only true writer of fiction. The superficiality and inaccuracy of such judgments are now apparent, and we can only plead pleasure in the well-rehearsed stunts of these men in service to their genuine individualities. Yet, while we make mistakes about them, we continue to cherish our great men and women. They are important to us no doubt because they fulfill our secret longings for ourselves. They convince us of our conviction that each of us harbors a divine spark which is our particular and crucial share in God's purposes for this world.

There are reasons why most of us have not become Robert

Frost in the public mind, or Margaret Mead. A thousand daily obligations deter us from being ourselves to such a singleminded pitch. Doing what we have to, we are turned into blurs in the rush-hours of the increasingly crowded cityscape. Nor, to be honest, do we possess the talents with which to focus our individualities into such eye-catching flames.

Nevertheless, in our blurry probably too humble ways, we quietly if not secretly insist upon our essential individualities. I may not be somebody by your standards, but according to mine I am really something special: notice how kind I am, how punctual and how thoughtful and how my hands tremble from the strain of containing my modesty. . . . So our minds run. Our little egotisms are maybe necessary to the defense of selves otherwise lost in the shuffle of commuters or shoppers at the A & P. . . . Monday I will do the wash, Tuesday the baking and the banking, Wednesday the housecleaning, and Thursday I shall wash my hair and rest and cultivate my mind by playing the new album from the Longines Symphonette. Friday I shall prepare my matchless bean casserole for the supper at church. Saturday I shall be the perfect wife to my weary husband. On Sunday I shall attend both the morning service and vespers. I am not famous, but in my plain and ordinary style I am obviously remarkable, probably the most remarkable of all. As we go about starring in our own daily serials in the living color of our minds, our egos are relentless. "I am" and "I shall" are both program and commercials. Our individualities may go unreported and unphotographed but we tend them as continually, with such fierce fuss, as though they were indeed sparks of the divine within.

Now, it may be that even the lowliest and least noticeable individuality amounts to a gift from God. Certainly ours is a harmless way of life despite its narrowness and selfishness. It provides us, above all, with the heady idea that we sit in the driver's seat over our own lives.

But then, life being life, something goes wrong—something that does not fit in with our notions of our importance, our fate, our just

desserts. Our children fall sick. Or we lose our property or money. Or someone else is handed the position in our office, with the raise in pay, that is rightfully ours. Our partner-in-life cannot hide his or her chagrin, disappointment, anger. Out of wounded pride we take to concealing ourselves at home. Our heads go around with the same bitter useless thoughts. We are outraged. To make ourselves feel better we eat too much or drink too much or swallow more tranquilizers than the doctor intended. We curse our fate and God for bringing it about. We are too good, too fine, and too special to deserve such treatment. We are so furious that we will avenge ourselves on God by ruining ourselves. And so we bring down our lives and those of everyone around us because of our furies and our self-pity and our outrage. . . .

We are so carefully bred to the ideal of being individuals equal to all crises, strong enough to survive and bright enough to outwit any mortal catastrophe, that we are unable to let go. If only I could do this. . . or that. . . . We keep up our defiance, blaming and condemning God even as we go under. As the last wave closes over, our fists are being shaken at heaven.

Actually, to go under is as respectable as to survive. To fail is as rich and full a fate as to succeed. What is hardest is learning to be able to say to God in all calm and acceptance, "Not my will but Thine."

To let God do His will is, of course, a most presumptuous presumption. Yet it appears to be natural to the vanity of men, and the letting is accomplished only as a result of the most awful tragedy, the deepest loneliness, the most terrible despair.

Many of us have been unlucky enough to sustain the illusion over many years that we create our destinies, forge our own happy-endings. We are in for a hard time. Others—clearly more fortunate—learned early and forever the simple sanity of letting go and letting God.

—P.G.

Learn as if you were to live forever, live as if you were to die tomorrow.

—Gandhi

FULFILLMENT

Helen Gee Woods

Peace is with me,
and the New Year comes
with deepest trust.
I am resigned with contentment:
the happiness I hold
is the calm sequence
of day and day's
living the fulfillment
of my dream .

INNER LIFE

Mildred Long

The rose according to the desire in its true nature sends forth a bud—perfect in color, in form. And then the wintry blast of icy winds blows upon it and hail pelts it, and it is marred.

But it is only the outer building that is marred, deflected from its perfection. And it is only the outer petals that are nipped and blackened by wind and hail. The heart of the rose is unchanged. The nature of its desire for perfection remains intact. The next bud sent forth in fair weather will reveal that perfection.

Let not the soul of man lose heart if the outer building is impaired. In the secret of the inner life lies the divine plan, the innate desire, the promise of perfect fulfillment. If the outer garment is marred, let the soul speak again in more vibrant living and create a new and better garment. Thus progressing, soul, mind, and body move into immortality.

BE WORTHY

Lea Palmer

BE WORTHY of those who need help not by preaching but by giving; for these are the folks who seem to touch life's drabness with a deeper meaning.

BE HELPFUL to those who linger with grief near a dark and silent pool to weep with agony; for these are the folks who through their prayers hold a gracious dignity.

BE TENDER to those who are ill and weak through life's greatest tragedy; for these are the folks who in twilight hours build a citdael of blessedness for all the world to see.

BE LOVING to those who are tired and weary of their plight; for these are the folks who find strength to go ahead and bask in life's golden light.

PASSIVE PRAYER

Aarno Davidson

O Lord, guard us from malice-defeat,
or pridefully march to hate-drums' beat.
Oh, help us master humbleness
in every home without fear or stress
today, tomorrow and ever more
beyond compassion's open door.

FOR TODAY IS THE TOMORROW WE WERE WONDERING ABOUT YESTERDAY.

Carla Patsuris

Could a farmer pause
In an orchard of apple trees
And dare to tell the world
They did not grow by slow degrees

Could he in Autumn
Watch the branches bring
Abundance into being
And not remember Spring

Could one who lifted stone
And dampened it with sweat
Regard the finished toil
And then the toil forget

And could he gaze upon the steel
Towering into space
And not believe he looks
Upon the Past's own face

Could parents of a growing son
Or daughter say
On watching them with love
"There was no yesterday."

It all begins in the constant now
The prize is being won this very hour
We plough we sow the seed we wait
And then—in time—behold the flower.

WHAT IS POETRY?

Minnie M. Bauer

Poetry is everywhere if we seek it out. It is in the wide expanse of sky, with the myriad stars, the moon, the sun and fleecy clouds. It is also in the wide spaces of open country with its farm lands; in the towering mountains with their sublime grandeur; in the lovely little valleys, so peaceful. In the vast forests of whispering pines. In our placid lakes, large or small, in our winding rivers and little sparkling streams, and in the boundless ocean, with its ever ebb and tide.

It can be found in the great arts of all times, music, painting, sculpture, drawing, architecture, writing. Each has a great poetic potential. It is also in the common tasks of man, whatever occupation it may be.

It is to be found in autumn's bright vivid colors and rich harvest; also in winter's pure look of white undulating snow, with its time of rest; in the awakening of spring, with softly falling rain, gentle breezes; in summer's drowsy days, when nature in all forms is so active in growing and maturing.

We find it in the homes of the affluent, in the meager dwellings of the poor. Every race, color, creed harbors it in its own concept of the meaning of life and its eventual demise.

We see it in all humanity, regardless of age: in the wee baby's touching smile; the youth's eager eyes; the adults' vibrant interest in life; the calm assurance of the elderly at the end of the road.

The test of a civilization is in the way that it cares for its helpless members.

—Pearl S. Buck

THE BIBLE

A Script for Use on Radio or TV

Samuel M. Silver

ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen...as a public service, Station ---- brings you a program devoted to an explanation of the Bible. Appearing on our program is Rabbi ----- and Mr. X, who will serve as interrogator. Here to begin our program is Rabbi -----.
RABBI: Good day, ladies and gentlemen. I am most appreciative of the invitation received from Station ---- to take part in this program designed to give the general public a better understanding of modern religious thought. Today we will have a look at the Bible; for some of you, it may be a new look. Certainly, Holy Writ is worth examining and re-examining many times, and I hope that our discussion will stimulate you to acquire greater familiarity with Scriptures, and I hope you will derive greater usefulness from it, in accordance with the interpretation of your own particular faith.
ANNOUNCER: All right, Mr. X, what is the first thing that you think folks would want to know about the Bible?
MR. X: Well, first of all, I have often heard people ask the question, just what is the Bible, is it really a book?
RABBI: A fine question. Surprisingly enough, the answer is no, that is to say, that although the Bible looks like a book (holds up a Bible), and the material in the Bible has been put between covers like this one or like one in your library, actually the Bible

is really a collection of documents. As you know, the Bible contains many segments which are themselves called books, like the Book of Samuel, the Book of Ruth, the Book of Kings, etc. (Here it would be nice if a closeup of the table of contents of a Bible were shown, with a pointer moving up and down to show the various books.)

MR. X: Well, then how many different books are there in the Bible?

RABBI: In the Jewish Bible, known as the Old Testament, there are 39 books. The amazing thing about the Bible is the variety of its subject matter. Two of the 39 books are called Chronicles. Other books contain primarily rules for living, such as the Book of Deuteronomy. Some of the books contain the sermons delivered by the greatest minds of antiquity, the prophets. Some books, such as Ecclesiastes and Job, contain philosophy. The Book of Proverbs, as the name indicates, contains wise sayings.

MR. X: And, as I recall, some of the books are very pleasant stories.

RABBI: True enough. The Book of Ruth is a fine story, as are Daniel and Esther.

MR. X: And how would you classify the Book of Psalms, they're prayers, aren't they?

RABBI: It is almost impossible to classify the Book of Psalms because there is hardly anything like them in all literature. Yes, they are prayers, but they are prayers that once were sung. We would call them hymns today. They express the effort of the gifted sweet singers of Israel to attain communion with God in times of anguish and joy. They have been called the Jews' love letters to God. The Hebrew term for Psalms is *tehilla* (this might be flashed on the screen), which is a word meaning "praise" or "adulation," and the Psalms do indeed exhibit not only the way the Jew prayed to God but praised Him. The most celebrated word in the Psalms, a Hebrew word which has become a part of the English language, "hallelujah," is a word related to the Hebrew word *tehilla*, and it is translated "Praise ye the Lord."

MR. X: Have we described all the contents of the Bible?
RABBI: Not quite. The Bible contains what we might today call allegories, such as the Book of Daniel. It contains a lot of poetry, such as the famous song of Deborah and the song of Miriam, the song of Moses, etc. And one book of the Bible is in a class by itself. It is a prolonged, poetic outcry to God. It is the Book of Lamentations, written to memorialize the temple when it was destroyed by the Babylonians. The poem is attributed to Jeremiah, the most poignant of the prophets.
MR. C: Were all of these books written at the same time?
RABBI: They were not. The Bible is an anthology, a collection of works written over a long period of time.
MR. X: How long?
RABBI: Some scholars say the time covered is about 1500 years.
MR. X: How would you compare the Old Testament and the New Testament?
RABBI: Well, it is not for me to venture a qualitative comparison. We in the Jewish faith maintain that the sentiments contained in New Testament mostly duplicate the Old. But there is one objective set of comparisons on which we can all agree. Obviously, the New Testament is a smaller book. Also it centers about one life, that of Jesus, containing as it does four accounts of his career, the so-called Gospels, and followed by the various letters, or Epistles, which he sought to propagate. So the New Testament is a more condensed set of books than the Old, which does not feature any one individual, but records instead the history and and teachings of an entire people over many centuries.
MR. X: Who wrote the Bible?
RABBI: Here again there is disagreement. In order to answer your question and help you the better to remember the contents of the Bible, let me explain its principal divisions.
MR. X: How many divisions are there?
RABBI: There are three principal divisions. The first division includes the first five books. These are given especially sacred

status in Jewish tradition. The first five books are ascribed to Moses. The names of the first five books are familiar to most people. Some of the titles, by the way, come from the Greek or Latin and might be explained.

MR. X: Well, the first book is Genesis, and that means "beginning," doesn't it?

RABBI: Indeed it does. It traces history down to the death of Joseph. Then, the next book has a title which is not Greek but Latin, although the word has been absorbed into the English language. It is Exodus, which, of course, refers to the departure of the Jews from Egypt. The third book deals primarily with the duties of the ancient Hebrew priests, and the name, Leviticus, means "priestly." Surprisingly, this book which contains so many drab details about sacrifices, etc., soars to the greatest heights of sublimity.

MR X: What do you mean?

RABBI: Well, right in the middle of the book, we read the glorious utterance, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and the same chapter also contains such gems as: Do not take vengeance and do not bear a grudge. It also points out the necessity of loving strangers.

MR. X: How do you account for the fact that a book which is so humdrum reaches such spiritual heights?

RABBI: I suppose it means to say that when we go about our daily lives we must lift ourselves up to noble behavior. The time to use your religion is when you're at work. The teachings of faith apply not only when we are in a place of religious meditation, but when we are in the thick of mundane activities. The fourth book is known to us as the Book of Numbers because it begins with a census, it describes the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert and the instruction which Moses gave to them.

MR. X: And the fifth book is Deuteronomy.

RABBI: Yes, which is a Greek word meaning "repetition." Here Moses retells the story of the Israelites to the second generation of the desert, just before their entrance into the Holy Land. It is

a superb book, Deuteronomy, with ideas which mankind has not yet attained. There is not time to list them all, but the book is eminently worth reading. Here, justice and fairness are described as the duties of mankind. Another obligation is to help the downtrodden and underprivileged; compassion and commiseration, kindliness and mercy are called for, and a vision of the better society is constantly delineated. Now these first five books are known in the Hebrew tradition by the letter T.

MR. X: The letter T?

RABBI: The letter T stands for "Torah."

MR. X: Just what does Torah mean?

RABBI: The full explanation of that term is most complex. It is usually translated "Law," but that is not quite accurate. For our purposes, let us say that the Hebrew word *Torah* means "teaching" and "instruction." These five books are, as I said, given special sanctity in our faith. They are written on parchment, and the scroll itself, always kept in the ark in the synagogue, is also called "Torah." The full term is *Toras Moshe*, the "instruction of Moses." The books are regarded as dictated by the Lord himself, and they are indeed worth being prized by all humanity. The books have been referred to as the Magna Carta which liberated mankind from paganism and from brutalitarianism. The books establish the idea of monotheism, the sacredness of every individual because of the spark of divinity within him, the great inspiration which we receive from such spiritual giants as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses. And it is therefore no wonder that these books are venerated by three great western religions and are indeed revered by all men who bother to read them.

MR. X: And what is the next section of the Bible?

RABBI: The next section we call N.

MR. X: Why is that?

RABBI: The letter N is the first letter of the Hebrew word *N'vi-im*.

MR. X: Which means what?

RABBI: Which means "prophets." According to Judaism, the gift

of prophecy began with the Judges and reached its greatest heights with such mighty seers as Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

MR. X: Well, which books are listed as the prophets?

RABBI: The so-called N section is divided into the early prophets and the late prophets. The books of the early prophets include Joshua, Judges, the two books of Samuel and the three books of Kings, and then we have the later prophets, the three I mentioned, of whose works we have large portions, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and twelve more, of whose writings we have smaller remnants, Amos, Hosea, and Micah, Joel, Jonah, and Nahum, Zephaniah, Zechariah, and Obadiah, Habakkuk, Haggai, and Malachi.

MR. X: Tell us something about the prophets.

RABBI: Time does not allow a full explanation. Suffice it to say that the most exalted ideals which man is capable of capturing are contained in the prophetic writings, that we are still feebly trying to put into effect such notions as world unity and world peace which the prophets pleaded for, and that no nation on earth could go awry if it attempted to follow the ideas of the prophets. They were the spokesmen of God and the fearless enunciators of sentiments as lofty as those which have ever been inspired by Almighty God.

MR. X: And the word "prophet" means "foreseer of the future"?

RABBI: No, this is a misconception. The word "prophet" does not mean "forecaster" at all, although many believe that. The word "prophet" is misunderstood because the prefix "pro" has two meanings. The "phet" in the word comes from the Greek word "to speak," and the prophets were indeed speakers, spokesmen, lecturers, preachers par excellence. The prefix "pro" has two meanings, one is "in advance," as in "prologue" or "prognosticate." The other meaning of that little prefix is "on behalf of," as in "pro and con," or "protagonist" or "pronoun." The prophets did not claim to be foreseers but they did speak on behalf of God, they were his champions. They did not possess clair-

voyance, but they did understand what the consequences of injustice and unrighteousness would be. Because they were often right in diagnosing the evils of their time, they were thought to have the ability to predict the future, but they had no more ability in that regard than a mother when she says to a child, if you play with fire you will be burned. Such a child, if burnt, would misunderstand the purpose of the mother if it were to say, Look, mommy is a fortune-teller. What the mother was concerned about was not demonstrating her ability to anticipate what is coming but the behavior of her child. So it was with the prophets; they spoke in behalf of God and His Moral Law; they were not exhibiting any supernatural ability to foretell future events.

MR. X: And what about the third division of the Bible?

RABBI: The third division contains a cluster of diverse books, some poetic, some historic, some philosophical, some lyrical, such as the Song of Songs, the variegated thoughts and fancies of a host of creative writers, all of them concerned with man's welfare and his relationship to God. These books constitute the third division of the Bible, called by the title of Writings, or to use the Hebrew, *Chsubim*. We refer to them as K or Ch. These books are Psalms and Proverbs. The beautiful tales told of Job, Ruth and Esther, and the poetical books, Song of Songs and Lamentations, and the historical books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and two books of Chronicles. Now, we take these three initials, T, N, and Ch, and we pronounce them as one word. *Tanach*, and that is the Hebrew designation of the Bible.

MR. X: What can you tell us about these writings?

RABBI: Every single one of them could occupy a full program. They contain the most profound and the most exalted of ideas. Unfortunately, our time does not allow us to elaborate on any of them, which might be just as well, since perhaps the mere mention of these books will stimulate some of you to read or re-read them. Nothing will be more profitable.

MR. X: In what style are most of our Bibles written?

RABBI: Most of our Bibles, Jewish, Protestant and Catholic, favor the Elizabethan type of English, which is not too comprehensible to us today.

MR. X: And what about the new Revised Version of the Bible?

RABBI: The newly authorized version prepared by the Protestant Church Council also utilizes more modern language in its translations. It is notable that that great masterpiece was accomplished with the aid of a great Jewish scholar, Dr. Harry Orlinsky of the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion. Dr. Orlinsky is the editor of the New Jewish Translation.

MR. X: Have the Dead Sea Scrolls produced any helpful new light for the better understanding of the Bible?

RABBI: Strangely, they have not, although we would have to devote an entire program to this subject in order to explain my brief answer fully. Indeed, we have to terminate our discussion now, and we have scarcely gotten into the contents of the Bible.

MR. X: Before we finish, could you tell me whether in your opinion the Bible is true?

RABBI: That's too generalized a question, but I will say that much that we think is exaggerated has much truth in it. For instance, there may be debate as to whether or not the Noah story actually happened, but can anyone challenge what the story tells us, namely, that if human beings are going to be corrupt, the world will be destroyed? The latest discovery of science, the atomic bomb, has validated one of the most ancient stories of mankind, the story of the Flood. There is much, much more of value in the Bible if only we understand it properly, with the guidance of our spiritual leaders. It will not take long to convince you that even though every section of the Bible is not as sacred as every other one, there is much that is of helpfulness to mankind today. The Bible is old, but is far from old-fashioned, it is ancient, but it is not antiquated; it is venerable, but it is not outdated. Its truths can greatly help us if only we would read and heed. And the more we study the Bible the more convincing would become that statement in Proverbs—the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord. May all of you derive information

and inspiration from each exposure of Holy Writ and may you better understand the requirements of the Lord as you re-read the utterances of those who have been touched by the spirit of the Lord.
ANNOUNCER: And thank you, Rabbi, for a most illuminating session, providing us with new data about the world's oldest document. This has been a public service presentation of Station ----.

WHILE I DESPAIR ALONE

Catherine Cabeen Houck

The stars, too big for this close sky tonight,
Cast purple shadows from the snow-tipped pines,
No wind stirs captured flakes into swift flight
Nor sends them rippling into ice-penned lines.
Thus while I stand and watch this scene of peace —
Remembering the cheerless season past —
I strive to make my torpid mind release
The pent-up darkness left by ordeal's blast.
In nearby light I see the sheltered owl
And at the clearing's edge the deer, as stone;
Each in his place beneath the cowl
Of snow's soft robe, while I despair alone.
Then quickly in the glow my grudge is spent
And I cast off my petty discontent.

In the silent hours of the morning, I view Thee. In the daytime whilst I am working, Thou art with me. In the night when I am resting, Thou loveth and beholdeth me.—From a Nepalese prayer wheel

HAPPINESS IS. . .

To experience the beauty and joy of nature with someone you truly love.

To let go of oneself enough to love someone else deeply without expecting anything in return.

To be able to see beauty and worth in everyday surroundings and in "ordinary" people.

To be able to live through crises without letting them distort our personalities or values. To always have hope, and open mind and heart, no matter what.

To not judge others harshly, but seek understanding and empathy with others with whom we don't always agree.

To be able to create something lovely even if it's just an attractive meal, a pretty dress, a poem, a picture, or a song.

To be able to forgive ourselves when we make a mistake or get in "one of our moods," knowing that all human beings fall down many times along the way and remembering that if there were never any doubts there would never be any faith.

To strive to bring our "outer selves" in harmony with our "inner selves" as much as possible and to make that inner self honest, loving, and forgiving toward ourselves as well as others.

To know, if only for one moment, once in a lifetime, that GOD IS. To feel his presence in body and soul and know that He loves you personally. To be able to love and trust Him unquestioningly in return—this is the supreme happiness.

—*Grace S. Sturdivant*

STAR-LOUD AND STILL

Howard G. Hanson

I guide my days in narrowing rings
of light around a golden hill
where some bright unseen chorus sings
its rising hymn, star-loud and still.

I will not ask whither I go
nor if I shall arrive somewhere
nor what it was made my wings grow
nor Whose the light I circle near.

HAIKU

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

Moon's atmosphere wears
Silence as a silver robe. . .
Dreams she is the earth.

EVEN A BENEVOLENT PERSON NEEDS SOMETHING

Thomas O. Perkins

A benevolent giver needs
success or else
the wish to do
is nothing else.

HEART BEAT AGAIN

Emily Sargent Councilman

Long before six that Sunday morning I was on my way to Baptist Hospital and driving fast. I would not be permitted to see Bob until six-thirty except in an emergency. They had my phone number in Intensive Care and also at the desk on the hall outside. Surely they would have called if there had been danger, if....The "if" kept echoing through my mind as I hurried through the dark city streets in spite of the fog, keeping the speedometer on thirty-five, making the first stop-light barely in time before caution-yellow flashed into red.

Two more lights, then the underpass at the foot of the hill. This early, I would be able to get a parking place inside the lot not far from the ground floor entrance where the elevator goes straight up to fifth.

Pressed by an inner urgency beyond any one of the past fourteen days, I drove faster, forgetting the speed limit. My eyes strained as I met and passed cars, their dimmers and red tail-lights fanning out in the fog, their drivers only blurred shapes within moving shadows.

These other drivers—were they going to work, leaving normal-

cy at home? Husband, wife, children, safe at home? So short a time ago was our home thus for Bob, for me. Could some of these too be on their way to some strange hospital where one much loved holds onto life's breath with weak heart and lungs? Bob was one of the fortunate ones, in an Intensive Care Unit with around-the-clock monitoring by trained people and modern machines providing a screen with every heartbeat recorded, its sound track giving out each irregular *beep, beep,* beep-*beep;* with doctors and nurses, skilled and mercifully calm, ready to act in any emergency, to do all that can be done, to fight for the ebbing life of one no longer able to fight for himself. How do they learn to accept what they cannot do? How do I?

Thank God for giving Bob a chance, for letting this happen to him now, not ten years ago when there were no surgeons like Dr. Hudspeth to replace a damaged heart valve. No specialists like Dr. Sawyer to discover both his peril and his chances. No hospitals equipped for open-heart surgery.

I did not make the last stop-light in time. Do they stay on red forever? More waiting now.

Let me find him alive and better than six hours ago, dear God. Trying to cough, to move, to talk as they want him to, as they say he *must.* If only I could see him longer than the five minutes allowed every hour under the perpetual glare of fluorescent lights. In the confusion of constant surveillance, mechanical and human, his body bound down by ropes of tubing and the heaviness of his weakness, his mind inert under the shock of surviving for this unbearable impotence. His will exhausted from fighting still without strength a battle expected to be won merely by returning to consciousness.

Thirty-five years of closeness in marriage had taught each of us how to fight for the other when it was needed. Both of us in different ways learned to be whole together. Looking back through the fullness of our separate sharing, I knew that nothing had ever been unspeakably bad except the few times when he had tried to

keep something from me—mistaken male logic that thought my not not knowing would keep me from unnecessary worry. Of course I knew enough to experience alienation, and I died a little each time. It's been a long time now since he tried to keep worry from me in that way. Neither of us could survive that kind of separation.

Never sick himself (he denied ever having as much as a headache), he cherished me through all my sicknesses. And he knew, with instinctive wisdom, that he must let me find my own way in things of the spirit, in the practicing of my commitment to self and family and others—to God. He stood by me in all my crusades. We stood together in his calling to the Christian ministry, in each church with its differing human needs. It took me much longer to learn to accept his way always as the right way for him. Then we found that Robert Browning was right: the last years were the best, and with the best yet to be. Everything before us, until that day, six weeks ago, when I found him lying unconscious on the floor, blue and gasping for air.

Finally! The light turned green. Up the long hill, into the parking lot and, yes, a space near the door. Along with nurses and assistants in their surgical green, I waited impatiently for the elevator. Other operations today. Was it only three days ago that I came even earlier than this to see Bob before the surgery that was to give him a chance?

It did, thank God. They had told us the probablity would be a slight one, with his age against him, his weight, the sudden flare-up of diabetes. And the frailty which showed up the week before, in heart catheterization studies. He went into shock afterwards. Was that from his seeing for himself on the screen the mere thread of blood squeezing through the clogged aortic valve from his heart? From the three hours' ordeal they had expected to take one or two? Did he sense then what his conscious mind could not yet accept: the imminence of death? Even when later that day he repeated his cheerful assertion to a visitor, "Oh, I think I'll be able to come home by Saturday and ready to preach Sunday"?

The elevator—where was it? Exasperated before my foreboding, I wished I had taken the stairs. How much longer?

Bob had faced death and surgery—his only hope for life. He made immediately the only choice he could have made, for life, not death. After his decision, there were four days of preparation. The doctors had told us the facts so that we could learn to face them, accept them—the probability of only a few weeks tc live as an invalid without surgery, but with it, if successful, more years of health and useful living. After his decision, they began to make preparations of many kinds. Therapists taught him the types of breathing he would need to avoid surgical pneumonia, how to cough in order to clear his lungs despite intense pain following surgery. All kinds of lab tests were made to help the surgeons, such as a check on his blood-clotting time.

Perhaps as important to his readiness were the four days I was permitted to stay in his room with him. Together, we learned to look at the nearness of death, accept him where he hovered, and confront him where he threatened, his terror over both of us. We clung together, I for his sake, he for mine. And we found strength in the unity of our confrontation. We gained a closeness, even a transcendent joy at moments, greater than we had ever known.

The second day, Bob said, surprise and release in his voice, "Why, we have known this would come some day, and I have always wanted to be the one to go first. Remember? We have always believed you could get along without me better than I could without you." And, yes, I knew he was right. Now we must take only this one step ahead, thankful for those few days' grace.

Once we admitted certain fear, shadows could no longer terrify. Yes, afraid, terribly, horribly afraid of the physical separation that could come, of his severance from life when there was so much left to do, to be. And then we began to savor the goodness of those remaining days, hours, moments, knowing we were together and in God's hands, whether Bob was to live or die.

Those were good days, the best we had ever known, in spite of, perhaps because of, the imminence of death.

At last, the elevator. And no stops on the way up. The others stayed on when I got off at five and hurried to the end of the corridor and the doors to Intensive Care. Although it was still twenty minutes before the half-hour, I could at least stand out of the traffic at the right of those double doors and look through the small glass at the top toward Bob's cubicle in the left corner. But something in me was already prepared for my first glimpse through the glass—the six heads bending over his bed, and other figures in green or white hurrying in and out.

Without thought, I pushed the door in, almost running to my husband. Dr. Ferguson, who had stayed all night with him after surgery, stopped me with a kind but firm, "Give us a minute, Mrs. Councilman. The danger is over for now." I saw weariness and relief in the face turned toward me, and I began to breathe again. He went on, "Please wait outside. We've almost finished. I'll call you."

Straining to get just one glimpse of Bob, I backed away and once more put the doors between us.

One minute. One minute for breathing thanks. For yearning toward the one who was myself, still alive, lying across that twenty-five feet of space that could not separate us. One minute for realizing that there was nothing I could do for him now in there. One minute for perceiving: the gift of life this time. For remembering the gifts we had given each other through all our years together—birthdays, anniversaries, a letter each time for me, a poem for him. Others received the small material gifts we could give, but for each other, offerings had to be more creative, a deeper portion of ourselves, words. This time, the gift of life. I have been given the gift of life, Bob's life.

Two years ago we were at Windy Hill Beach a few days before his birthday. At twilight we were sitting on the porch of the cottage we always rented for our vacation in off-season. We were

tasting the salty spray of the breakers, near at high tide, and attuning ourselves to the rhythm of the breakers' cadence unevenly spaced but true to some inner pattern of design. The last of the sunset colors reflected in sky, on sea and land, had faded, leaving only the constant motion of the white ribbons of foam accompanying each wave reaching the shore, barely discernable through the gray of enveloping dark. The omnipresent sea promised eternity in its heaving darkness and its moving whiteness, in its re-echoed counterpoint of sound. We needed no words. We were together.

When it was quite dark, Bob said, "If you should die, I could never come back to this place again, never again." And I said, "Oh, I think. . . I think I would have to come back, if you should die."

The next morning he went home for weekend responsibilities at our church, to return again on Monday, and I stayed on. After he left, I began to hear his words, my words: *if you should die. . . . if you should die. . . .* During the forty-eight hours of his absence, I lived, in some sense, our final separation. Except for brief hours of sleep, I experienced that loss. Or so I thought. Walking by the sea at dawn, in sunlight or rain, at dusk, I found the experience taking form in a poem. When he returned, I had it ready for him. It was his birthday. We both wept a little—good tears, as I read it to him, secure in our nearness, our love.

The writing of the poem had prepared me, I believed, for my grief if he should be the one to go first. And I hoped, if he were left without me, the poem would be a help to him. It enlarged us both then, when we read it together, when we talked . . . . We had never been so close before.

Did I realize then? Did I really realize? Dear God, let it be so:

> . . . a washing of peace,
> as the sea on the incoming tide
> fulfills the empty shore . . . .

The essence of our oneness still remains,
you forever touching my shore,
I yours. . . .
Time and space can have no power to bind
in Love's dimension.
Then
will I taste again
the quiet sweetness
of this twilight's pulsing hush
and fearing no
dark hours yet to come,
take home with me
full overtones of rapture
rolling
rolling
toward my shore.

The busy figures leaning over Bob had been reduced to two when Dr. Ferguson's nod beckoned me. And when I reached Bob, he and I were almost alone, only technicians hovering in the background, checking dials, glucose, plasma. His weary eyes spoke relief and release as I covered his hand, white and vulnerable, with mine and touched his cheek with my own. His lips spoke slowly, making no sound, "I'm. . . better. . . now." Yes, I knew. Thank you, God. His eyes closed. I held his hand for five minutes while he slept.

Outside, I asked the doctor, "What happened?"

"He hasn't been coughing enough, moving enough. He was drowning—we thought we would have to do a tracheotomy, but this danger is past for now. He gagged, and that saved him."

"And now?"

"The lethargy gives us concern. He has got to begin to cough more and move and talk. Another time like this. . . . He just can't give up now."

"No. I'll try to help. Thank you, Doctor."

I dragged my heavy feet outside and, against regulations,

sat down in an empty wheelchair left in the corridor. From there I could keep in sight the doors to Intensive Care. In another hour I could go in again. I would have to be ready, ready to help. But how? They were afraid for him. "He can't give up now. . . . This lethargy. . . ." And, God forgive me, I had been afraid for him, too, appalled by what the aftermath of surgery was effecting in him. He and I had been prepared even for death, but not for this tortuous way back to life, with his body and spirit depleted of all power, unprepared for fighting an adversary never encountered before—consciousness of helplessness, of pain, this kind of pain.

Ready for death four days ago, he chose the gift of life. And during those nine hours of surgery when Dr. Hudspeth and his associates presented their best skill and concern, he too, with his body and spirit, even in unconsciousness, fought to live, helped the surgeons, drew strength from God. And I, waiting, and not separate from this part of him, prayed. We were ready. I did not weep.

He chose the gift of life, so much so that after surgery, while still unconscious, he surprised and gladdened the doctors when his heart took over from the heart pump without hesitation. No external stimulation was necessary.

At each step he chose the gift of life, the most precious gift he could give to me. How could I ever have doubted his will, his strength through God, to bring to completion this new life, no matter what the cost or how long the days ahead? He chose. But how far did he have to go into death without me? Where I could not go with him? And where was he now? Still out there beyond my reach? Beyond my capacity to help? Yes, in some sense, *yes*. He could not use in there now the obvious ways of my "helping" which could only hinder his return to health. His recovery depended on his using strength he did not possess, on his creating new strength for each halting step ahead.

Then what could I do? What could I give to him who, in

choosing life, had given life to me? I could learn to withhold any help that would contribute to his inability to help himself. I could, I must proffer my gift of faith in him that he could find within himself the needed strength. In our separate ways, we would continue to fight together for his life, working with doctors, drawing strength from God.

It was seven twenty-nine. But I did not need sixty seconds to reach the doors to Intensive Care and Bob. I walked as if running, rhythmically and free, bearing the highest of all gifts: for me, his gift of life; for him, my faith in him, praise-wrapped.

POEMS *by Emma S. McLaughlin*

Metamorphose

For death
is not the end,
but a dark chrysalis;
we will break through, to rise wind-borne,
soul free.

Comfort

A smile
was all he gave,
but suddenly I knew
I did not travel on the road
alone.

The Commander-in-chief of an army may be carried captive, but the convictions even of the meanest man cannot be taken from him.

—Confucius

from **LEANING ON A STAR** *by Francis Merchant*

Leaning on a Star

Stand firmly on Earth,
They advise, but I prefer
Leaning on a star.

A Walk Abroad

Earth's become too small.
I prefer to take a walk
Abroad — among stars.

Conversation

The Sun converses
With the Earth by Words of Light;
But what do they say?

Teachers

Vainly all summer
Star and rose and butterfly
Taught us sweet wisdom.

Awareness

O Caterpillar
In your cocoon, do you know
You're a butterfly?

Preaching

Your silent preaching,
Rose, has reached my heart
when all
Else left me wonder.

Comparison

Bees secrete honey;
Man, thought; but which is sweeter?
Why do they differ?

Difference

They prize ash, but I,
The Flame — and so they wonder
Why I turn away.

Mental Bouquets

Mental bouquets are
Richer than Rose, Carnation,
Lily, Marigold.

Four Seasons?

You say there are four
Seasons? But where do you fit
In eternity?

Adorning Space

As the rose perfumes
The air, so must I adorn
Fields of space with thought.

Self-Assertion

Why should I allow
World chaos to cancel my
Crystal symphony?

When you love someone, you love him as he is. —*Charles Peguy*

Loving others in a Christ-like way, we are sincere in wanting what is for their highest good, unselfishly! When we truly and genuinely love another, then we want to see that person happy and prosperous. We must never limit, circumscribe, or put chains on love. Man loses what he will not let grow, unfold, & expand. —*Edward Horney*

NATURE'S THEME POLYPHONY

Helen Pisarelli Lombardi

Cities have become
Exhibits of stone skyscrapers with
Windows to peep through when
Cars hug each other and
Honking horns play
Their theme: Cacophony.

Compare with a jungle
Or a primeval forest
Where birds etch their song
Recitals in space, and
Glistening streams dance to
Nature's theme: Polyphony.

LITTLE STORIES FROM A CHILD'S WORLD. . . .

Eleanor Ebersole

1/ The Mallard and the Swan

Once there was a duck, a stately mallard, who walked with great dignity. His green and blue feathers glistened in the sun. The duck, along with several other ducks, and a brown mother duck, lived in the white picket fence home of the swan family.

The duck paid proper respect to the mother and father swan, especially when it came to eating from their food trough or being near their young. Nevertheless, the duck found the swan's small pond with its shaded cool and its secluded warmth a fine place for a duck to live. The duck proudly guarded mother duck when her six babies came, and generally acted in the grand manner of the mallard tradition.

Now and then, however, the duck found it necessary to remind his larger, malevolent host that the white fence was something that distinguished them. The mallard, right in front of the discerning eye of the majestic swan, walked between the pickets of the fence. He made sure as he went that the sun caught the richness of his colors and the dignity of his stately walk.

Straight through the picket fence the duck went. He took one

turn around the wide expanse of mowed grass beyond. Then, with just as much determination, he walked right through the fence again. Somehow this exhibition satisfied him and he settled once more to gliding at the proper distance from his host the swan.

"You see...," the vain duck seemed to say, even when speeded in his swim by the nudge of the approaching swan. "While I can fly and find woodland lakes just as I please, I choose to spend my days right here. Just remember, it is I who can cross between the pickets of the fence. I, therefore, am a greater bird than you."

2/ The Flowered Tea Cup

One day the flowered tea cup fell to the floor and smashed. It had set on the white doily in the middle of the little round table as long as Janie could remember. Now it was broken, both the cup and its saucer.

Nobody had seen it smash. Everybody in the whole house said they had not touched it. Little ones and big ones claimed they had been somewhere else when it happened. But it didn't matter, really, anyway. The china cup lay broken into hundreds of pieces on the oak floor.

After the pieces were swept up and Mamma had sighed, "Well, never mind," life went on as usual in Janie's house. But it wasn't quite the same. The little round table seemed very empty and bare. Spring flowers or daisies or the blue china cat never seemed to take the place of the fine tea cup. They were either too real, or too gay, or just plain not right.

Nobody but Janie, and maybe Mamma, seemed to notice or mind the strange sadness about the little round table. But the days went by, as days do, and Janie forgot.

One day when she was almost grown, Janie was shopping in a strange shop by herself. There on the shelf, over in the far corner was a cup. The cup appeared to be just like the one she had lost. As fast as she could, Janie went to pick it up and examine it. Sure

enough there were the delicate blue flowers, the gold leaves, the small white baby's breath, the yellow, and the orchid faced pansy near the handle. Everything was there. It was the same cup! When it had been carefully wrapped in white tissue paper and put in a square box, Janie carried it home. There, she quietly slipped into the room where the little round table stood empty and placed on it her treasure. Only then did she remember that she, herself, had broken the little tea cup.

THE FALCON

Elizabeth Twyeffort

The Lord is my master,
And I am His falcon.
He holds me on His outstretched arm.
With a tight thong He straps me
To His wrist.
He covers my head with a hood of love,
And with His sure hand He gentles me.
He gives me my freedom,
I have dominion over the skies.
He protects me from vultures,
And when my strength fails
He guides me back to Him.
In the night beneath His tent
He places me on a safe perch
Beside Him.

WOMAN IN WHITE

(To Sister Claire Marie)

Marion J. Richardson

Denied worldly outlet,
Bound by vows —
Her heart, in hushed silence,
Accepts these promises,
Transforming them into a spirit
Of light, beauty and love,
Comforting hearts
Where shadows fall.
Night weeps, listening to her prayers —
And the friendly fire of her magic presence
Lingers on like a white light —
Still and moving.
White robes sheathed about her —phantomlike —
Woman in white.

THY WILL BE DONE

Merle Maidens

Lord, life is dull and drear.
I sit alone
And wonder why my hands are stayed.
That, for so long,
Thou hast withheld me from Thy work,
When I am so anxious to serve.

NOTICES and COMMENTS

PRAYER STUDY CONCLUDED. As of December 31, 1970, the fifty-some participants in the Fellowship's study of prayer reached the end of their six-month experiment. They kept records of their daily prayer experiences during that period, evaluated them, and noted such details as the amount of time spent in prayer, the hours when they prayed, and so forth. In the April issue we will publish a report on the study. Later we hope to issue a pamphlet that will set forth its most interesting and valuable conclusions.

MISS HANSON IS CONTRIBUTING EDITOR. Miss Howard G. Hanson, of Burlington, N.C., has graciously consented to serve as a Contributing Editor of the bimonthly. Her remarkable poetry is familiar to readers. Asked for biographical information, she sent the following: "I am 38, white, female, Episcopalian; father, Episcopal minister, B.D. Sewanee; crippled from polio, 1946, confined to a wheelchair; Ph.D. in Comparative Literature, Vanderbilt University, 1957; career, college teaching, 1957-65; foreign languages, English, world literature; left teaching 1966 to switch career to writing; poetry publications in various periodicals; two books of poetry, both royalty publications: *Ageless Maze* (Nashville, Allen, 1963) and *Future Coin or Climber* (Winston-Salem, Blair, 1967); listed in *Who's Who in South and Southwest* as author; work in progress: poetry volume *Against Dark Angels*, short stories, book on female syzygy, book on psyche-soma interactions, and, in collaboration with Dr. R. A. Lasseter of U.N.C. State, book on Hermetic-Jungian interpretation of Tarot progressions. Not a good typist." We look forward to her help and future contributions.

CENTRAL ZONE ADVISORS. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kemp, of Chicago, are very pleased to serve together as Advisors from the Central Zone. Agnes J. Kemp "is a former office worker (telephone, records, filing, reception, etc.) who felt the need to do more. So off to college and training to teach in Chicago's grade schools—

currently teaches second grade. Avocations: teaches an adult Bible class, many projects—such as tagging and UNICEF—, assists husband in Sunday school programs and Gospel missions." Mr. Kemp "was a printer for eight years until switching to medical work. After being a Navy medical corpsman, he studied biology and related subjects and specialized in physical therapy. Currently he is director of physical therapy at the Ravenswood Hospital Medical Center and fills the other hours with Sunday school activities, choir, mission, the Gideons, and therapy meetings." We feel that Mr. and Mrs. Kemp will fill a great need in the Central Zone and, working as a team, will make an important contribution to Fellowship in Prayer.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is published six times a year (February, April, June, August, October, and December) at the rate of $3.00 per year. Special rates are available for copies in quantity and also for back issues. All contributions are tax-deductible.

SYMPATHY is extended to Western Zone Advisor Zelma S. Dennis upon the recent death of her mother and to Foreign Zone Advisor Neil Mellblom on the accidental death of his father.

****

Fellowship in Prayer
200 East 36 Street, Room 10-E
New York, New York 10016

Date.....

I enclose $.....in payment of a subscription to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER for.....year(s), and $.....toward furthering the work. May God add His blessing! (All contributions are tax-deductible.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC., Room 10E, 200 East 36th Street, New York, New York 10016 Phone 212 685-6120

PATRONS

Mrs. Charles Babcock, Dr. Amiya Chakravarty, Rabbi Edward E. Klein, Brigadier Andrew Miller, Dr. John Myers, James C. Penney, Mrs. Dorothy Perera, John Ryder, Mrs. Mary Roebling

TRUSTEES

Peter V. K. Funk, President; William Hung, President Emeritus; Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Roland Gammon, Edwiene Schmitt, Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor, Vice Presidents; Nelson Bengston, Mrs. Ivan D. Houck, Francis Merchant, Emmet J. Norton, S. J., Harry M. Stevens, Mrs. Virginia J. Tirado; Joseph E. Thompson, Treasurer; Paul Griffith, Executive Director; Kathryn G. Brown, Executive Secretary

ADVISORS

EASTERN ZONE
Dorothy Barko, Hubert Elliott, Mrs. W. H. Freeman, Fred Garel, Mrs. Bennie C. Hall, Mrs. William Hung, Olga Lamkert, Mrs. Helen Margalith, Georgia H. Marin, Mrs. Malvin Wallace

SOUTHERN ZONE
Mrs. Betty Daly, Mrs. Arthur R. Kutch, Willard Russell, Mrs. Mildred Seydell

CENTRAL ZONE
Katherine L. Beech, Karl W. Frey, Mrs. David William Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kemp

WESTERN ZONE
Mrs. Velta Myrle Allen, Mrs. Juliet H. Crist, Ruth A. Crorkin, Aamo H. Davidson, Mrs. Zelma S. Dennis, Henry J. Gernhardt, Sr., Mrs. Berneice McCombs, Helen Dudley Young

FOREIGN ZONE

Professor Mohammed F. M. Awad (Egypt), Emilie, Lady Coote (England), Neil Mellblom (Switzerland), Hsuan-min Liu (Hong Kong), Professor A. N. Molina (Philippines), S. R. Shafaq (Iran), Dr. Teh-yao Wu (Taiwan), Dr. C. H. Yeang (Malaysia)

AT LARGE
The Honorable Dr. Marion Mill Preminger, Consul General of Gabon

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Emily Sargent Councilman, Howard G. Hanson, Lillian Wade Koerner, Mildred Long, Emma S. McLaughlin, Carla Patsuris, Swami Ritajananda, W.J. Thompson

MATILIJA POPPIES

Ruth Andrews Crorkin

Withered and sere, Spring's petals fall apart,
June's drowsing languor broods above low hills
So lately green, now tawny, dry and locked
In Summer's heat-enshrouded silences.
Along vague trails I tread a weary mile,
Where lazy lizards keep me company.....
A-rustle in the parched and shriveled sedge,
Catching stray flies, and blinking in the sun.

Here lemon-colored cactus menaces
With threat of spine and rattler; boulders rise
Bleakly from dry, scarred creek-beds, baked and gray.
Now round a hidden bend, bursting in view,
Like a mirage of magic beauty, flung
With spendthrift hand by Nature, prodigal,
White drifts of silken poppies, snowy, rare,
Reach their frail censers high for Summer's fire!

Matilij a poppies, lighting barren wastes
Like angel faces, tall and proud and fair,
Symbols of sacred loveliness, of peace,
Of sweet fruition, perfect purity.
Thus from the desert-places, Beauty wakes.
Out of the Springtime's dust, comes Summer's best.
Ever from Death, springs life, the wonderful,
Triumphant proof of Immortality!

A DAILY OFFERING PRAYER

Eternal Father,
I offer you everything I do this day;
my work, my prayers, my apostolic efforts;
my time with family and friends;
my hours of relaxation;
my difficulties, problems, distress,
which I shall try to bear with patience.

Join these, my gifts,
to the unique offering
which Jesus Christ, your Son,
renews today in the Eucharist.

Grant, I pray,
that, vivified by the Holy Spirit
and united to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
my life this day may be of service
to you and to your children
and help consecrate the world to you.
Amen.

"For a world united in prayer"

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, Room 10E, 200 East 36 Street,
New York, N. Y. 10016 Phone: 212 / 685-6120